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The Iowa Homemaker vol.39, no.7

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Authors

Diane Rasmussen, Donna Read, E. W. Shideler, Mrs. E. W. Shideler, Janice Furman, Gladys Hamlin, Martha Elder, Elisa Steidel, and Jenny Carlson

The Iowa Homemaker

FEBRUARY, 1959



At Home In The World

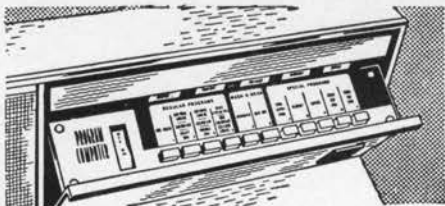
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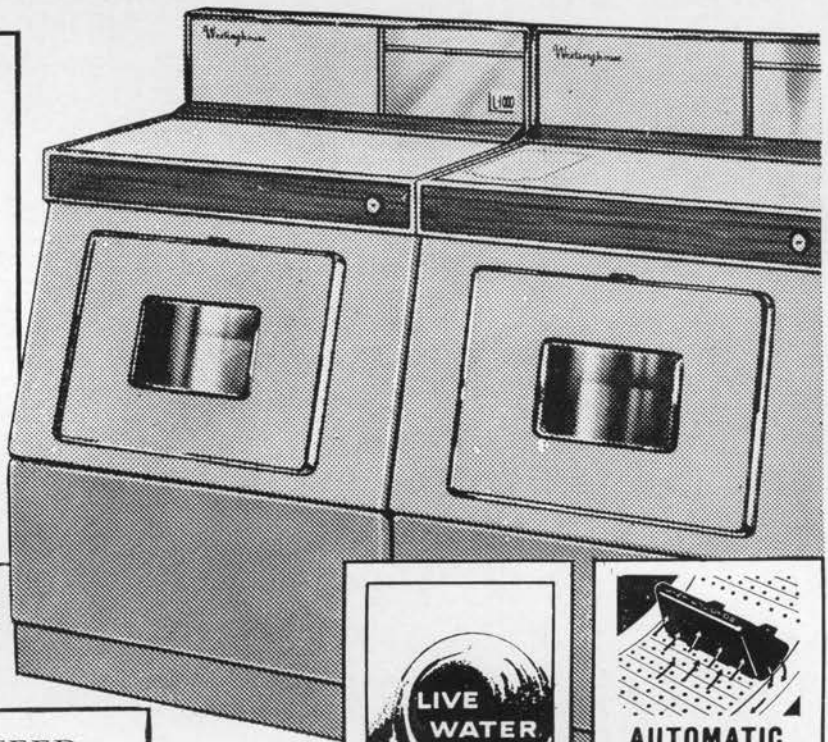
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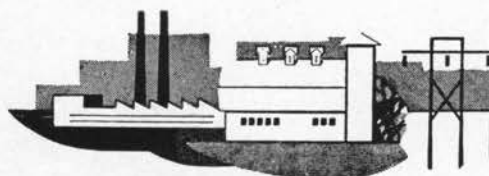
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AT HOME. This brief phrase on wedding announcements tells the address-to-be of the newlyweds. To be at home is one of the delightful things each bride and groom anticipates. Being at home means far more than, "We will be residing in this house." It promises "We will be together; we will understand each other; we will relax together; we will share."

Our theme for this international issue of the Iowa Homemaker is "At home in the world." This, too, is delightful to anticipate, but it's a pretty big order. We have heard so often that rapid transportation and world events have made the world smaller. They tell us we *must* learn to live together. But this must not carry with it the implication, "We can't get away so we better get along."

But often we don't even try to "get along." What would happen to love if marriages were run the way we run the world? The husband would be constantly alert to his wife's differences and she to his. They would demand conformity of eating habits and speech patterns, and looks and clothing. Each would label anything "different" as naturally "inferior." To prevent any possibility of agreement, they wouldn't come right out and say this, but each be secretly condescending.

Confused because they couldn't seem to understand each other, the husband would spend all day in the basement polishing his own hunting equipment and the wife would stay upstairs cooking food he should eat. It would never occur to them to bring their problems to the "living" room and solve them together.

If things got really bad, they would divide the house with a black curtain and neither would allow the other to cross. They would sometimes pull it aside a little, but only shout to the other that he was a liar or a cheat. They would scarcely be able to imagine what their marriage *could* be like, and what's more—it wouldn't last long.

Think what it could mean if "At home in the world" could someday carry the same connotation as "At home." "We will be together"—not just occupying the same small planet. "We will understand each other"—sharing knowledge, sympathy and delight in the endless variety in the world. "We will relax together"—no curtains, no screaming. "We will share"—material goods, idea hopes. We will be at home in the world.

— M. E.

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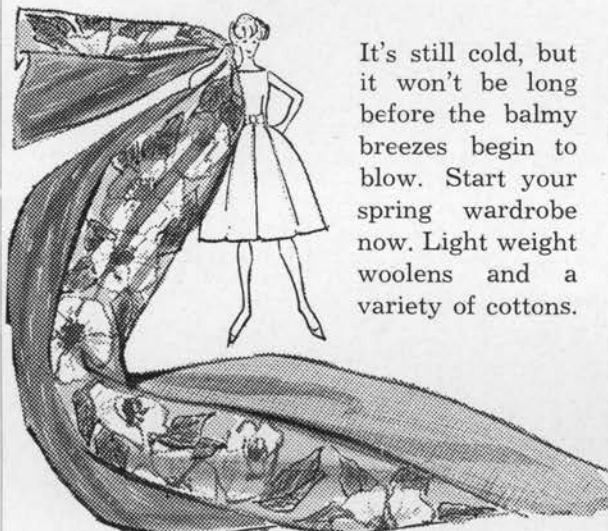
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The Cover:

At home in the world—right here at Iowa State are students who can tell you about their homes thousands of miles away. On the cover from left to right are Paul Lamptey, Ghana; Paul Taiganides, Greece; Margaret Struble, United States; and Charan Chantalakhana, Thailand.

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the Corner*



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Getting To Know You

When the person ahead of you in the cafeteria line points at the macaroni and cheese and says, "What kind of pasta is that?" don't laugh, listen. Share in the delight of this curious visitor as he or she discovers another of the strange customs at Iowa State College.

Our customs are strange and challenging to the 258 students who have come from all round the globe in the quest of knowledge. They are exploring the American scene, attaining professional degrees and enjoying themselves "here in what you call your Midwest."

They are learning about us. Are you discovering the joy of knowing them? Egypt, Yugoslavia, New Zealand, Nigeria are the names of romantic far off places. How is their family life different? What about dating? What are their joys and their problems?

These students are here because they have won coveted scholarships or in some way earned the privilege of study abroad. They are visitors eager to delve into the findings of the latest research. Nutrition is not only a lesson to be learned but may be a weapon against starvation. They return to their fatherlands armed with information, ready to combat known problems.

If you don't have an "interesting stranger" in class or down the hall in the dorm it is easy to meet these cosmopolites in our midst. Every Friday night in the Pine Room of the Memorial Union the Cosmopolitan Club meets for a "Dutch treat" dinner and a program of international interest. A panel of students from several areas may discuss how the American foreign policy has affected their countries; or perhaps several students from a country will explain its history and current situation; or maybe it will be a guest speaker, or singing or dancing.

If you would like to combine getting to know people with adding to your knowledge and delight in food, attend the International Banquet sponsored by the Cosmopolitan Club and the Collegiate Methodist Church. Favorite recipes from many lands are contributed by students from those countries to make a truly international meal. Entertainment, too, has an international flavor.

These are only two of the possibilities. The introduction to the song from "The King and I" ends "I've become an expert in the subject I like most—getting to know you." And a delightful subject to know it is, too.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Because American newsmen are not allowed in Communist China, it is extremely difficult to get accurate information about conditions and feelings there. However, the best information we can assemble from other sources seems to indicate this is the present status of the Red China communal system.

"...the family does not count anymore."

by Diane Rasmussen
Home Economics Junior



IN RED CHINA a seventeen-year-old girl supervisor of many workers in her commune tells a British journalist that "the family does not count any more. . . We provide all the needs."

Production slogans are changed from "Surpass Britain in 15 years" to "5 years."

The Chinese women are now finding themselves released from household drudgeries to add their kitchen utensils to the scrap metal drive, have their children raised in the communal nurseries, eat in communal mess halls, and turn their attentions away from housework to "such progressive tasks as road building, tree planting, and ditch digging," states the Chinese news.

A Chinese worker tends his blast furnace through his wife's labor and names his child "Surpass Britain."

Radio Peking announces that "the people's communes are paradises. Manpower and material resources are more than in heaven. Industry and agriculture leap forward together, and one year equals thousands of years in the past."

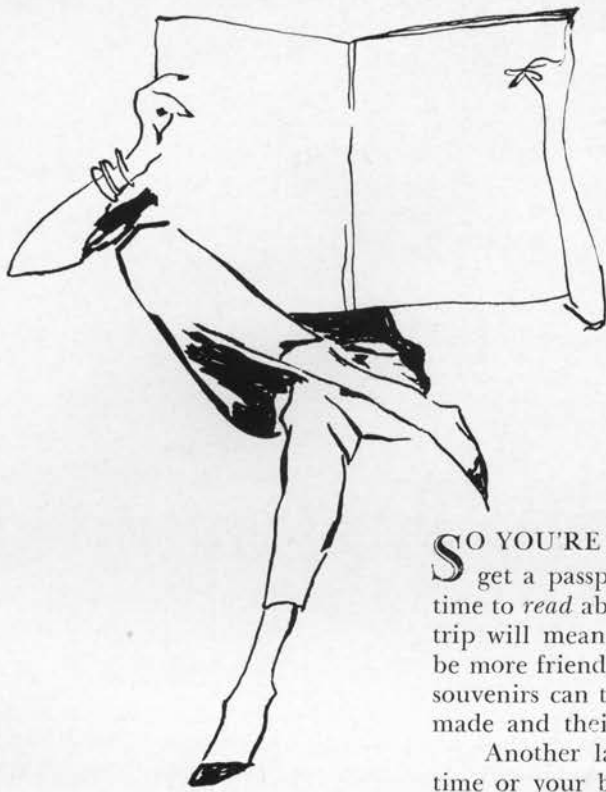
In April of last year the first "people's commune," a single unit organized along military lines of 9,300 peasant families, was set up in Honan province in China without much fanfare. In September the Central Committee of the Chinese Communist party recommended national acceptance of the communal system. Today we are told 99% of the Chinese peasants are organized into communes, and the goal is for 100% organization, including the cities; this would embrace nearly one-fourth of the human race.

Mao Tse-tung, head of state since 1949 but now party chairman, has called this "a completely new basic unit of society." Life in this type of unit certainly is different; members live in communal barracks, men and women are housed separately while children are cared for in the communal nurseries. Reveille comes at 5:00 a.m., for often 20 hours per day are spent in this fantastic production race. Mass sports and exercises are held, and as part of the "everyone a soldier" movement shooting is practiced before and after each meal along with militia drills.

Work brigades without definite chores are the basis of the daily jobs; food is eaten in communal barracks; a sock to be darned is sent to the sewing brigade, clothing and supplies are obtained from the supply depot. This efficiency of common living extends even to the mass graveyards where a chemical converts the bodies into fertilizer, and the children's brigades are busy digging up the old cemeteries so the bones can be used for more fertilizer while the tombstones are piled into walls to surround the communes.

The workers are now being paid a small fixed monthly wage, but

Communes (Continued on page 14)



BOOKS

Bring Europe to You

by Donna Read
Home Economics Junior

AUSTRIA

THE REBIRTH OF AUSTRIA. Hiscocks, Richard. Austria since 1945. The chapter on the cultural revival is outstanding.

THE EYE OF GOD. Bemelmans, Ludwig. Accurate picture of Austrian character and customs in a very amusing story. Fiction.

THE HAPSBURG MONARCHY, 1867-1914. May, A. J. Political history of the dual monarchy; clear, interesting, readable.

ENGLAND

THIS LAND OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE. Street, Alicia. Clear resume of history. Contrasts are made throughout between Britain and America, showing reasons for essential differences.

THIS ENGLAND. Chase, Mary Ellen. Delightful essays on the little things of England that are so essentially a part of English character. Sympathetic, yet shrewd.

FRANCE

THE UNITED STATES AND FRANCE. McKay, Donald C. Sumner Welles states in the introduction: "This book will do much to help the American people better to understand France's problems realistically."

SO YOU'RE GOING to be a foreign traveller. Well then, you'll have to get a passport, and pack and. . . But wait a minute. Have you taken time to *read* about the countries you will visit? Think how much more your trip will mean if you have read some history and geography. People will be more friendly if you understand some of their customs and habits. Your souvenirs can take on new meaning if you have some idea of how they are made and their importance to the country's economy.

Another large group of travellers is of the armchair variety. If your time or your budget prevent European travel, the library is still close at hand.

Just for a start, try some of the following books taken from lists compiled by the Experiment in International Living, a student program in which participants live in European homes.

AS FRANCE GOES. Schoenbrun, David. Inside reporting by an American journalist. . . illuminating picture of the French people, their manners, mores and paradoxical traits of character.

GERMANY

GERMANY, A SHORT HISTORY, Shuster, G. & Bergstraesser, A. Concise history from medieval times to beginning of World War II.

A WATCHER ON THE RHINE. Connell, Brian. A brilliant report on the political, social and economic forces shaping the future of East and West Germany — and all of Europe.

SCANDINAVIA

THE CHALLENGE OF SCANDINAVIA. Shirer, William. Experimenters to Sweden in 1957 rated this one "excellent."

SKOAL SCANDINAVIA. Streeter, Edward. Very personal, witty account of a journey through Norway, Sweden and Denmark.

THE WELFARE STATE, SWEDEN. Fleisher, Wilfred. A provocative, fascinating account of modern Swedish life.

SWITZERLAND

THE SWISS WITHOUT HALOS. Sutton, Horace. Well-presented in-

formal study of Swiss history, civilization and national character. Fine background book for intelligent travelers.

A SHORT HISTORY OF SWITZERLAND. Bonjour, E., et al. "Lucid, authoritative and unprejudiced — will please every student and serious layman who wants to understand the Swiss and their part in European annals."

A good book to read no matter where you are going in Europe is **FIRE IN THE ASHES** by Theodore White. Mr. White, who spent many years as a European correspondent, gives an extremely clear journalistic exposition of the dramatic regeneration of Europe after the war.

Any serious traveller, especially those on student exchange programs, should add another group of books — some about the United States. An understanding of our history, education and problems will increase appreciation of what you are see in Europe as well as make answering questions much easier.

Reading lists on the United States and the complete list from which these samples were taken may be obtained by writing to the experiment in International Living, Putney, Vermont.

Beaten track or back road

They Camped Their Way Through Europe

by Dr. and Mrs. E. W. Shideler

EDITOR'S NOTE: Dr. Emerson W. Shideler, associate professor of philosophy and religion, was granted a leave of absence for 1957-8 to travel and study abroad. With Volkswagen and tent, he and his wife followed the beaten track or the back roads as they pleased. This sketch suggests some of the delights and difficulties of a method of traveling in Europe which few Americans have tried.

UNLIKE THE CAMPGROUNDS of the United States, the campgrounds of Europe serve as hotels for tourists, salesmen, itinerant workers, and visitors whose relatives or friends do not have extra room for guests.

Hikers, bicyclists, and motorcyclists often live in the equivalent of pup-tents, but this is not always true. In the Lake Country of England, we met a Scottish plumber, his wife, and two children, who had carried themselves, their good-sized wall tent, air mattresses, sleeping-bags, cooking things, clothes, and all their other impedimenta, on a motorcycle with a side car; in addition, they had brought along a neighbor boy to share their vacation.

Our average for the 76 nights that we camped on the Continent last summer came to 56c per night, and in four or five places no charge was made at all. Occasionally the facilities were terrible, although we

found nothing as bad as in some places where we have camped in the United States; occasionally, they were luxurious: pink-tiled bathrooms, exquisitely clean; grocery stores and restaurants on the premises; laundry tubs and clothes-lines; postal service; superb locations; — and English spoken.

Camping in Europe, you can have almost any degree of civilization or seclusion that you choose. London has two campgrounds within its limits, Edinburgh four close to the city, and Paris a beautiful one beside the Seine in the Bois de Boulogne. Of course, there are also campgrounds high in the Alps, deep in the Black Forest, tucked among Norway's fjords, and spread out between England's tilled fields. The Campers Guides will tell you in advance, and in great detail, where the sites are located and what you can expect to find in the way of equipment, opportunities, and welcome. Great Britain alone has nearly as many officially recognized campgrounds as the whole of the United States, and most European countries, are equally well supplied.

Camping is the way that many Europeans travel, and an excellent way to meet them informally, to talk with them under circumstances that shatter reserve, where one can listen to their advice on what to do and see, and exchange notes on the weather, camping techniques, politics, economics, religion, and any other subject that happens to come up. Except for a few places at the height of the tourist season, no



With their Volkswagen loaded to capacity, Dr. and Mrs. Emerson Shideler get set to sail for home after three months of camping in Europe. Throughout their travels they found their American tent often served as a means of introduction as people flocked to their site to ask questions about the aluminum frame, cost and where it could be purchased. And they electrified nearly every campground by erecting it in two minutes by the clock — without hurrying.

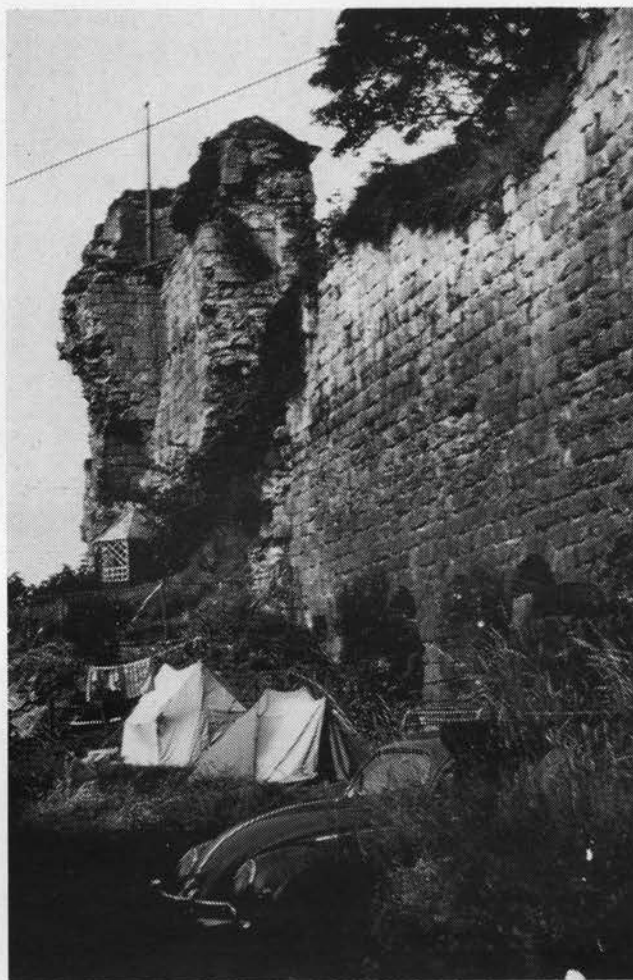
reservations are necessary: one comes and goes as he will, lingering here because the days are warm, or moving on because the people across the way have told you — principally in sign language — that the Grosslockner Pass must not be missed on any account — and how magnificently right they were!

Further, the camper lives on the local economy, which is frequently inconvenient, usually fun, and always enlightening. What does it suggest about the ordinary life and culture in France that even on holidays and Sundays, the bakeries are open? Or that the banks are open for a couple of hours a day? Or that you must tell the Swedish shop-keeper what is the current rate of exchange between kroner and dollars? Or that the sign in the hostel says emphatically, in four languages, that the milk sold here is guaranteed to be adequately pasteurized — and you find that the deposit on the bottle is higher than the cost of the milk?

It would not be quite accurate to say that the multiplicity of languages is a handicap, because the difficulties of communicating are themselves sometimes an asset. My husband knew some German, both of us some French, but we were fairly often in places where neither they nor English would serve, but only the local tongue. That is the point where — given goodwill on both sides — one strips himself of vanity and self-consciousness and learns to exchange ideas with the eyes, the hands, crude drawings, the blank look of incomprehension and the full laugh of achievement. It's astonishing how we managed to talk to Franz and Paul, our truck driver and gardener with about ten words of English, six of Austrian German, unlimited eagerness, and the pure determination to understand and be understood whatever grimaces, flailing of the arms, or pantomimes were required. At the other extreme was the camp director in Copenhagen, the time when we needed information in a hurry. "Do you speak English *parlez-vous francais sprechen zie Deutsch?*" I rattled off, and he replied with a broad grin, "Take your pick."

Some of the major differences between life in the Old World and the New we had already become accustomed to during the ten months that we spent in England before going to the Continent. There, we had lived with an English family, sharing their kitchen, bathroom and laundry facilities, and with a bedroom and living room for our private use. Peggie, our hostess, introduced us to the shops in the nearby village: the grocery-store which closed every Wednesday afternoon, the butcher's shop that closed on Thursdays, the bakery on Mondays, the small but important facts such as that green vegetables were to be bought at the florist's, pork at the grocery, that hamburger is named "minced beef."

All over Europe, shopping was a comfortable, friendly, leisurely business, almost as much a social affair as a simple necessity. For the housewife who has few, if any, outside activities it must be a welcome break in her day. The set-up assumes that the housekeeper limits her life to housekeeping, and it tends to enforce that limitation: unless she can afford household help, she seldom has the time or physical strength to take part in such activities as PTA, League



At Edinburgh Shidelers camped in the Great Hall of Roslyn Castle, built in 1304, now open to the sky. Six-foot fuschia bushes bloomed by the arch of the cloisters where they set up their kitchen.

of Women Voters, hospital auxiliaries, and such — which is probably one good reason why organizations of this type are practically unknown there. But I did have other things to do — a research project. It was only through the help of frozen vegetables and casserole meals that I managed to accomplish a great deal on it.

Living and camping in Europe by their methods requires of the American a multitude of adjustments, and most of them are major ones because the differences reflect a diversity in basic attitudes towards life. The traveller who moves between hotels, or who takes an apartment or house, has a relatively easy time because these adjustments are not required of him. Both of us suspect that if we had known in advance how strenuous this kind of living abroad was going to be, we would have hesitated before undertaking it. But having done it this way, we are overwhelmingly glad for all of it, not merely because the beauty of Europe does outweigh the ugliness, and because the warm friendliness of most Europeans more than balances the chill of a very few, but because the two aspects belong together. The contradictions and difficulties are part of the tremendous diversity of the Old World. We would not have missed any part of it, and we are eager to take our Volkswagen and our tent back for more.

Fashions from

by Janice Furman
Home Economics Junior

AMERICAN FASHION DESIGNERS, without a doubt, attribute much of their "originality" to the study of costumes of the continent and British Isles. The empire line and balloon skirt are two of the recent fashions lifted from native costumes. Traveling students along with some Iowa State coeds have eliminated the middle man and adapted some of the European clothing for their own use. They have changed the old proverb to "When in America, do as the Romans do." For the coeds, a Scottish kilt and a Spanish lace veil serve the dual purpose of wardrobe variety and — what better way to subtly hint of last summer's tour abroad? Last year the Homemaker brought you the muu-muu from Hawaii, now we present fashions from the continent.

SPANISH mantillas in black lace make wonderful gifts for friends at home says Gretchen Palas, H. Ec. Jr. It's easy to hide them away in a wasted corner of your luggage where a bulkier item would never fit. Senoritas wear their mantillas to Mass and with their evening dresses. A point of the triangular mantilla is worn down on the forehead in Spain. Most coeds prefer to use them as an elegant stole.



GERMAN mountain people insist their lederhosen, translated as leather pants, improve with age like cheese. The short pants are passed from father to son. Though they are never washed, they retain their good looks and are virtually indestructible. Elaine Ehm (left), H. Ec. Sr., and Sandra Cruickshank, Ag. So., brave the cold to model two typical examples. Rhoda wears the Bavarian felt hat that is often seen with the lederhosen. The hats are adorned with symbolic feathers that are determined by the sex of the wearer. Gaily colored brush feathers are reserved for men. Women choose hats with longer, fluffier feathers. The matching leather suspenders on Sandra's lederhosen, far from being restricted to children, also are often worn.

he Continent



SCOTSMEN, who have worn the tartan of their clan for centuries, provided the inspiration for the kilt skirt. Amy Jensen, H. Ec. Sr., likes the authenticity of the tartan skirt that shouts of the Highlands, ← identical to the kilt except for the length. Pleated only in the back, the kiltie is often teamed with the good Scot wool of argyle knee socks.

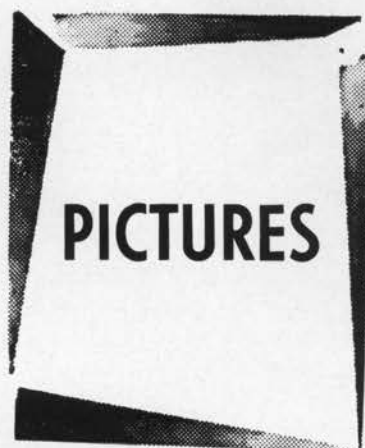
ITALY, home of Venice, gondolas and romance! Charlotte Houston, H. Ec. Sr., recaptures the flavor of the Latin city with her gondolier shirt of soft, white cotton. The jaunty sailor collar is trimmed in varied colors of braid. Charlotte carries another prize bought in the ancient city of Rome — sandals. Cobblers take your shoe measurements by tracing around → your feet on a piece of cardboard. A few weeks later, the earthy tan sandals arrive at your home in just the size and style for you.



SCANDINAVIAN countries pride themselves on the novelty and beauty of their ski sweaters. The sweaters, worn by old and young alike, are rich ← with lively reds and blues that sing of the crisp mountain air. The patterns are so intricate that you seldom see two alike. Many families of Scandinavia earn their living by knitting sweaters in the patterns and sizes that tourists have selected. Jane Opperman (left), H. Ec. Sr., wears a brown and white pullover with a small pattern. Betty Bishy, H. Ec. Fr., models a turtleneck sweater sprinkled with vivid diamonds on a soft grey background.

An Artist Recalls

by Gladys Hamlin
Department of Applied Art



From Her Travels

For three summers, Gladys Hamlin has conducted student tour groups through Europe from the Scandinavian countries to Northern and Central Europe. With 1960 set as the date for her next tour, Miss Hamlin pauses to refresh her memory with the highlights and thrills of her six European trips.

TO RECALL PICTURES of our past experiences is almost as wonderful as capturing the color of the moment. The charm of the diversity of Europe, the romance of Italy, the thrill of seeing a Shakespearean play in a natural setting or by world renowned actors—these are just some of the experiences brought vividly to play as I let my mind wander over my travel experiences.

One of the pictures that comes to mind is that evening just at sunset when we visited Carl Milles' sculpture garden at Lidingo, Sweden, in the suburbs of Stockholm with the towers of Stockholm silhouetted against the sky. There were bronze angels poised with one foot on tall posts and copies of some of the works to be seen in this country such as the Pegasus and Bellerophon at the Art Center in Des Moines. Then came the greatest thrill of all. Carl Milles himself came out to greet my group and talked to us for about fifteen minutes. I can see him yet, standing there in his black top coat with his rather long white hair showing beneath his straight brimmed, low crowned hat. A pleasant serene expression softened the lines of his tanned face as he told of his work and his desire to come to the United States that fall (1955) to see his piece at the Art Center in place. We were most privileged that evening, for the following winter he died.

I had a different sort of thrill when I first viewed the railroad station in Helsinki, Finland, designed by Eliel Saarinen, friend of Milles. Saarinen, known to the people in this part of the world as the designer of the Des Moines Art Center, was one of Europe's leading modern architects when he came to this country in 1923. Six years later when Milles came to the United States, he was head of Cranbrook Academy and could offer his already noted friend a position teaching sculpture.

If Helsinki is one of the modern cities of Europe, Rothenburg, Germany, is one of the very few still remaining that whisks you back to the middle ages

as you enter its gates. It is about half the size of Ames and entirely walled. One can walk around most of the wall and from that vantage point get a wonderful view of both the inside of the city and the fields and valley beyond. Inside the wall the buildings are of either medieval half-timbered construction or Renaissance style with strong medieval influence. The figures in the old clock tower on the town square came out and marched around for us as the clock struck the hour.

In driving from Rothenburg to Salzburg, Austria, I shall never forget the beauty of the scenery and the charm of the little villages with their steep gables and half-timbered buildings, painted various colors and occasionally with paintings on the outside of the building. All this we would have missed by train which, as in this country, passes through the worst part of town.

For drama one travels to England and Stratford-on-Avon where the Shakespeare Memorial Theater attracts some of the top talent such as Laurence Olivier and John Gielgud. It was most interesting to compare Gielgud's interpretation of "The Tempest" with that given by the London players in the outdoor theater in Regent's Park. In the Park the stage is a grassy plot, the backdrop the trees. The actors appear out of the woods and perform right in front. Sitting in the front row, a person very definitely becomes the one to whom conversation is often directed. In London the effectiveness of the play depends largely upon the simplicity and naturalness of the setting while at Stratford it was character interpretation by the actors.

A very appropriate setting for another of Shakespeare's plays is Kronborg Castle at Helsingör (Elsinore), Denmark, which according to the playwright was the setting for his Hamlet. Occasionally the play is presented in the courtyard of the castle which dates from the 16th century.

There is at least one place in Europe in which a bus or car or even a bicycle are not the preferred means of transportation. In Venice they are not allowed beyond the parking lot on the side of the city nearest the mainland. The main street of Venice is the Grand Canal, the side streets are the smaller side canals and the means of transportation are gondolas or launches. Sightseeing in Venice by gondola is certainly a romantic dream come true.

From Austria . . .

A Cake Without Cooking

by Martha Elder

Home Economics Senior

WITH PATIENCE, an ordinary clothes iron and a few simple ingredients you can make a delightful and different kind of cake; fancy cooking skills or an oven not required.

Yes, I was surprised too, especially about the iron. Actually any heavy weight will do. But let me tell you about it. It's called Malakofftorte, and I first tasted it while I was living with a family in Vienna, Austria, last summer. Viennese love to eat well, and they love to have their guests eat well. In the course of my stay, I think I ate every fancy dessert and pastry the country has to offer. They were all delightful, but without hesitation I would have to give the blue ribbon to the Malakofftorte.

I immediately asked for the recipe, and these are the directions as my Austrian "mother" gave them to me. Here is what you will need:

CREME FILLING

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter
 $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sugar
1 tsp. vanilla
1 egg plus 1 yolk

ALSO

2 10½-oz. packages Lorna
Doone shortbread cookies
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint whipping cream
 $\frac{1}{2}$ pint milk (approximate)

Ingredients for creme filling should be at room temperature. Line an 8-inch round or square cake pan with a single piece of wax paper.

Combine butter, sugar, vanilla and egg in small bowl of electric mixer. Beat 3-4 minutes. If it is too stiff to spread, add milk—not much or the final product will be soggy and heavy. Add the milk in small portions until the mixture is fluffy but of creamy consistency.

Now the creme is ready; next prepare the cookies. Pour milk in a shallow bowl. Dip each cookie into

the milk briefly on each side. According to my "mother" it is essential to work quickly here. The cookies must not be allowed to soak in the milk; just the briefest immersion on each side is sufficient.

Cover the bottom of the pan with a single layer of cookies. Spread one-third of the creme mixture on the cookies. Repeat dipping process and add a second layer of cookies. Spread second third of creme. Repeat the process until you have four layers of cookies and three of creme.

Place a piece of parchment or heavy paper on top of cake. Then cover with a plate that is smaller than the cake pan; place a heavy weight on plate. My "mother" used her iron but said that anything of comparable weight such as books, would do as well. Leave the cake at room temperature for 4 hours.

Remove plate and heavy paper. Invert cake onto a large plate or platter. This can be tricky so proceed carefully. Beat whipping cream until light; sweeten. Spread the cream, that's right, all of it, on the top and sides of the cake. Cool in refrigerator if desired. This will harden the butter, so don't expect the cake to be a creamy.

I have found that I cannot reproduce Malakofftorte exactly as I had it in Vienna. Our ingredients are slightly different in texture, and I'm sure no small part of the difference in the cake is due to skill and practice. But this is a delightful second-best.

A variation can be made by adding rum or other flavoring to the creme.

And one of the most important directions is to eat a light lunch before. You are sure to want two pieces, and there's no sense in having a guilty conscience over them.



Dip each cookie briefly in milk...



Complete a layer of cookies...



...and then add one-third creme.



Cover with heavy weight.

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Communes (continued from page 6)

the program is to eliminate this and pay, in Marxist phraseology, "according to his needs." Each commune, averaging 21,000 members apiece, is run by a party committee, and ultimately the goal is to do away with private property and private life.

All this can be attributed to Mao's desire to put China into the world's number one power by utilizing her resource of a huge supply of peasants for state production—"human masses for rapid industrialization," "collective lives devoted to production" to put it into their words. The response in terms of production increase has evidently been tremendous; no tractors were produced in 1957; 20,000 tractors were produced in 1958, and the 1959 goal is 200,000 tractors. Last years' wheat crop surpassed that of the United States, and many new irrigation and dam projects are being completed quickly.

However the response in terms of popular acceptance is not quite so positive. The leaders say this move to the communes was "spontaneous and unforeseen by the State Planning Commission" though they admitted some uncertainty among the upper-middle class peasants. Many of the young people have accepted this eagerly, reveling in China's promise of world power in an intense wave of nationalism, and one youth stated "I am happy now because I have nothing to worry about." A couple months ago 3-6 years was the expected length of time necessary to bring this "true communism" to full development; now 15-20 years is expected to be required.

The way is not all clear to this 15 to 20 year development however. Though food production was at a record high, shortage has resulted in the cities because of the use of the limited trucks and trains for pig iron instead of agricultural product transportation. And the Central Committee itself has admitted two of its major trouble areas to be "uprooting of families with housing of all in separate barracks and unrest over wages and work with some peasants working 19-20 hours per day."

As mentioned in *Newsweek* some of the terrifying predictions by George Orwell in his 1984 seem to be realities in Red China as explained in 1984, "In our world there will be no emotions except fear, rage, triumph, and self-abasement. Everything else we shall destroy. . . We have cut the links between child and parents, and between man and man, and between man and woman. No one dares trust a wife or a child or a friend any longer. But in the future there will be no wives and no friends. Children will be taken from their mothers at birth, as one takes eggs from a hen."

Seeing Things Anew

"Learning has been described as suddenly becoming aware of things we knew all the time. It is through experience that we become aware. The familiar becomes vital and individual; the unfamiliar is no longer strange and separate. As the horizon of our understanding widens, the world seems to take on a larger meaning. We see things anew. And we have the feeling that we knew these things all along—that we just needed something to bring them to our attention."

—The American Friends Service Committee

Service Wives Tag Along

by *Elisa Steidel*

Home Economics Grad.



It might be you! George Wilson, E. Sr., doesn't know where he will be stationed, but he and Kay Amick, H. Ec. So., may be among the many service couples who live for a time in Europe.

IF THE MAN you marry is in the military service or is planning to be someday, you may live in a foreign country in the future. Living in a land new to you may mean adjusting to new methods of shopping for food, a new language, customs and living conditions.

Patty Vwiefel from Illinois and the wife of an Air Force second Lieutenant, discovered that in Germany and in most of the other European bases the University of Maryland offers courses for college credit. As the wife of a serviceman, she was eligible to take these courses but her fees were slightly higher than her husband's. German language courses have been the most popular for the wives because of immediate need. Imagine studying for an exam by shopping in some of the local stores!

Patty was one of many American wives stationed in Germany to return home with a complete set of lovely crystal, china, stainless steel, Hummel figurines, and clocks. You may wish to wait until then to start collecting some of these furnishings.

Dampness a Problem

Barbara Stevens, Texas, discovered in certain parts of the Philippines the climate was so damp, mildew created a problem with their furniture. The interior of the wood chest of drawers would mildew quite rapidly during the rainy season. One afternoon she noticed dirty hand prints on her turkish towels shortly after her ten-year-old daughter had washed her hands. Upon closer examination, she discovered that it was not dirt at all, but ants seeking moisture and finding it where hands had been dried. This incident occurred during the "dry season."

She became used to soaking all fresh vegetables in chlorox water to kill the bacteria. Their vegetables tasted like chlorox, but they had the assurance that they were clean. Also due to the dampness, crackers,

margarine, flour sugar and soap powder were all sold in tin containers. She said it was interesting to note the advertisements in newspapers from the Philippines with familiar American products pictured in cans.

Another opportunity Barbara enjoyed in the Philippines was the purchase of embroidered yard goods. She had dresses or blouses made from them, finding the hand embroidery unique when we are so accustomed to machine-made garments. Even the men wear an embroidered shirt known as a Barong-Tagalog. This shirt is worn over the trousers rather than tucked in.

Textiles in the Philippines are made from pineapple and are known as "pina" cloth. Husi is the name given to the cloth made from the banana tree. These fabrics resemble a batiste in weight and weave, but have a more shiny finish. Barbara has several garments made of these lovely fabrics.

Shopping in Spain

The Spanish shop every day Margaret Cahill, California, noticed, because they have no refrigeration in many places. They marvel at the Americans who can shop just once or twice a week. Women are seen in the market place with baskets over each arm to hold their purchases, since paper bags are not available. The meat in odd and assorted pieces hangs on hooks in the market place, and various kinds of fish lie in piles. When Margaret was in Spain there was no base commissary, and so she had to use the local market for her shopping. This is not common but does occur when men are stationed away from a base or when a base is not complete.

Servicemen are stationed in Turkey, Italy, India, North Africa, Hawaii, and many other places around the globe. Their wives and families are able to follow them to most of these places. Maybe you, too, will be making your home in one of these locations soon.

"She was a Pennsylvania preacher's daughter and I an uncomplicated Iowa farm lad."

Virtuous Vagabonds

by Jerry Carlson
Agriculture Senior



Jerry Carlson

TALL, TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Janey Thompson and I weren't married.

That's why most people along our 17,000-mile, three-month journey through Asia and Europe pegged us as shameless vagabonds. Traveling as man and wife would have caused less suspicion among those we met,

but wouldn't have suited Janey and me. Sadly enough, we shared not a drop of romantic interest. She was a Pennsylvania preacher's daughter, I an uncomplicated Iowa farm lad.

We studied together as church-sponsored exchange students for eight months at Silliman University in the Philippine Islands. When Hong Kong, Calcutta, Karachi, Cairo, and Geneva loomed ahead, Janey pleaded, "Jer, please don't make me go home alone. Something might happen to me." What could I do? I promised to escort her.

I walked into my dormitory room and told my Filipino roommates. Benedicto Principe stared at me thoughtfully as he digested the news, then grinned. "Janey is the dark-haired, attractive one, isn't she?"

My face reddened. "Men and women travel together every day," I countered.

"Unmarried? From Manila to New York? Ha!" Gene Baban guffawed. "It looks dangerous to me." Little Jun Vesagas touched my arm and spoke softly, "I trust you, Jerry." He stepped away and snickered. "But nobody else will."

Jun's prediction proved sadly true. Janey and I landed in Hong Kong and went through our first hotel experience. We tried to explain, in our best

Chinese, that we wanted TWO hotel rooms. But the manager saw no reason for more than one. After a short conference, I left Janey and trotted outside. She reserved one room and went in. Then I returned and asked for a different room. The befuddled manager looked sagely at me for a moment, scratched his head with his pencil, then handed me the keys to a single room.

Safely away again, we landed in Calcutta, India. Hindu boys and girls don't date before marriage, much less wander around together without a chaperone. One of our biggest problems was to decide what to answer when a quizzical Indian asked, "Are you married?" If we answered "Yes," we were lying and might slip up about where and when we were married—and how many children we had. If we answered "No," we faced a barrage of presumptuous questions.

An Indian friend who met us at a station near the foot of the Himalayas and saw how we'd traveled told his friends about the "two intimate American students." When we shook hands with the group and sat down in a little circle for tea and talk, one Indian raised his eyebrows and asked, "How is it that you two are—ah—traveling together?" Janey and I traded "You answer" signals. Neither of us answered.

"I say, how is it that you two are. . . ." "Well," I blurted, "We were together in the Philippines and decided to travel home together."

"What Jerry means is that he's been taking care of me on the way home." Janey tried to help. The dark-skinned Indian students nodded understandingly. I thought we'd gained their confidence, so continued,

"You wouldn't force a girl to wander halfway around the world alone, would you?" An Indian girl spoke, "Neither would we *allow* a girl to travel around the world — with a boy not her husband." She placed her teacup on the table and sighed. "But you Americans are different."

We flew to Bombay the next afternoon. Arriving shortly after midnight, the two of us found that almost every hotel was full. Our airport bus driver wheeled us from one hotel to another through narrow streets filled with poverty-ridden, sleeping people. At three in the morning, we found one tired desk clerk who said he had one room open. It was his best one, and the price was outrageous.

"Just one?" I asked. The clerk cocked his head to one side. "You have friends coming?"

"No, but you see, we're not —" Janey cut me off by stepping very suddenly on my toe. She spoke in scathing tone: "All day long you waste time. Now look what you've done. You can't even get a decently priced room. I told you this afternoon I wouldn't put up with you any more today. Now you can go sleep on the street." The tired little clerk might have been shocked to discover that we were unmarried, but evidently Indians have domestic problems too.

"Madame, you may have the room for half price. And I will somehow find your husband a place apart from you." I fell asleep thanking Janey for getting us out of that spot.

We didn't have to worry about it in Egypt. The Arabs seemed quite happy that Janey and I were unmarried. Cairo traders disregarded any moral suspicions and concentrated on selling us two souvenirs instead of one.

When our plane wheels screeched on Stuttgart's runway in Western Germany, Janey phoned her serviceman cousin at a nearby American Air Force Base. I looked forward to comfort among fellow Americans. In a dimly lit *Gasthouse* clubroom filled with cigarette smoke and the aroma of German beer, four American airmen listened as I unfolded episodes of Janey's and my travels. But I knew their imaginations were swimming in deep water.

"Alone wit' a *Frauline* 'tousands 'a miles, Wow!"

"But, fellas, it really wasn't . . ."

"Ya? Look, Jer. Y' can be honest wit' us. We unnerstan' how it is outside the States."

"Look," I pleaded. "We're all honorable Americans, aren't we?"


"Ya." The blue-uniformed airmen grinned and gulped another swig of beer.

About that time Janey and I decided we both needed a few days by ourselves. We had been together for more than two months, and we were tired of the raised eye brows and difficult explanations. I spent two carefree days in Copenhagen, Denmark while Janey went on to London. Then she visited friends in Scotland while I travelled through Stratford-on-Avon.

Back in London, I dozed in my room and recalled the troubles and misunderstanding that Janey and I had weathered. The understanding confidence of the folks at home looked promising.

We checked out of the hotel separately, a practice

which had become habit. I fell asleep on the New York-bound plane, lulled by the thought that my fellow citizens would believe we really were virtuous vagabonds. But somehow I've learned never to mention my three months and 17 thousand miles with a college girl.



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What's Going On?

APPLICATIONS for dormitory "captains" of the Big-Little Sister program sponsored by Dean's Advisory Board will be open before the end of the quarter. Each dormitory will have a representative in the new program headed by Mary Marony, H. Ec. Fr. Nancy Littlefield, H. Ec. So., is a newly appointed member of the board.



MID-TERM SLIPS are no longer being sent home to parents of students in the Home Economics division, according to Miss Julia Faltinson, assistant dean. Spring quarter the entire Home Economics division will be on an experimental Honor System program.



JOAN REYNOLDS, president-elect of the Home Economics Council and new council members will be formally installed on February 17 at an open ceremony in the Home Economics Faculty Lounge. Jean McKee, vice-president; Helen Young, secretary; and Dot Roth, treasurer, will head the council with Joan when they take over their duties at the beginning of spring quarter.



AN ORIENTAL THEME, "Encore in Japan," will set the mood for the 1959 Home Economics Ball on March 14. Boo Monier and Mary Jean Plate, co-chairmen of the dance, and their committee are working on the arrangements for the semi-formal dance which annually raises money for Home Economics scholarships.

DURING THE MONTH of January, Core Curriculum Committee held informal coffee hours in the new wing lounge to answer questions on the proposed changes in the curriculum. Members of the committee at this time were also able to get student opinion on the curriculum changes. Under the proposed changes, students will have more elective hours and the core committee is presently working on an electives handbook to aid students in preparing their schedules.



HOME ECONOMICS RECRUITMENT Committee has been "on the road" this winter visiting high schools and speaking at state conventions. On March 4, the group is planning a "Counselor's Day" when student counselors from 12 surrounding high schools will spend a day on campus. Mary Lou Pierce, H. Ec. Jr., is chairman of the event and the recruitment committee is collaborating with the other divisions in entertaining the college guests.



THE TOP POSITIONS on the staff of the 1959-60 staff of the Iowa Homemaker have recently been filled. In charge of the magazine next year will be Jackie Andre, publisher; Jane Gibson, editor; and Rosemary Stock, business manager. These girls have selected the rest of their staff and will publish their first issue in April.

1959 Room Contest . . .

The Winners!

THE WINNERS of the Homemaker 1959 Room Contest are Katy Barry, June Fretheim and Jan Jones of Room 208 West Linden Hall. The winners were chosen by judges Miss Alice Davis, department of Applied Art; Miss Mary Brown, graduate student in Textiles and Clothing; and Clair Watson, department of Architecture.

The winning room and the girls who made it so livable and attractive will be featured in the March issue of the Iowa Homemaker. These girls have received as their prizes — pajamas from Bobby Rogers and bedspreads from Stephenson's.

The judges declare they had a good time visiting rooms in dormitories and sororities, but found the final selection of a winner to be a difficult chore. Because the judging was so close, they would like to award Honorable Mention to Karen White, Mary Koehn and Jo Davenport in Room 235 West Linden Hall and to Joyce Klass and Marlene Taylor of 201 Welch Hall. Congratulations to all of you from the staff of the Iowa Homemaker!

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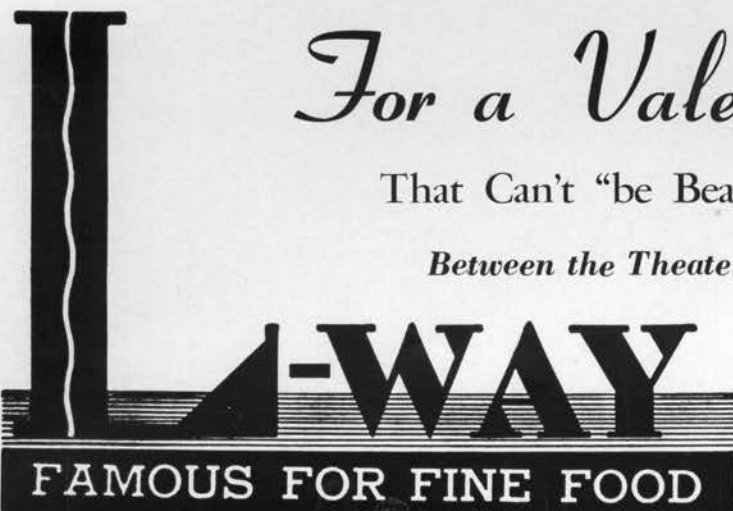
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